

Lamp
L.E.C
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A FOUR-FOLD GREETING IN
NUMBERS



For the Festival of
Christe His Masse



ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXCVII.

*Being the learned toil of Francis L. Pollock, Esquyer;
the most virtuous Ezra Hurlburt Stafford (of the
Hospice); William T. Allison (yclept John of
Gaunt); and the most renowned Maister Johan
N. E. Browne, Chirurgion (jointly); all
members of the Makers' Guild, and
presented to their very dear friends
at this blessed season.*



At the City of Toronto

In the Same Year



The Fear of Pan.

WHOSE soul remains unmoved, great Pan doth fear,
Who no accord will give his music here,
Nor harmonize with sounds which 'round are rife
When filled to overflow with wine of Life :
No cord vibrates though bird at gate of Heaven
In rapture sings at purple dawn or even ;
Nor loves the whistling wind or murmuring breeze,
Though playing varied music through the trees ;
Nor in his cot to sleep is gently sent
By voices of the rain on roof besprent,—
Who trembles when the mighty god on high
Sends crashing thunderbolts along the sky,
Nor filled with awe at ocean's mighty roar,
In booming breakers sounding on the shore ;
Nor with delight his heart is made attune
To hear the ripple of the brook in June ;
Or being moved, the impulse in his breast
For joining in that chorus is suppressed,
Dreading the censure of the little soul
O'er whom a proper prudence has control.

John W. Brown

From Fleur de Lys to Rose.

WHAT sweep of circumstance and turn of Fate
Since Donnacona viewed the alien ships !
Tribe after tribe gone down in savage hate,
Or with the name of Christ upon their lips.
Gone are the glories of the old regime
Within the stately fortress of the north ;
And that barbarian pomp, a daring dream
In which Versailles is rudely shadowed forth.
A song, a dance, a kiss in old Quebec,
The voyageur has gaily said farewell ;
The intrepid wanderer takes little reck
Of horrid haps so easy to foretell.

Sons of Fair France, the wooded solitude,
The shining river, or the fields of snow,
Made men, like De la Salle, of fearless mood,
The real romancers of the long ago !

But Frontenac is dead ; the Fleur de Lys,
So bravely flaunting in the face of doom,
Is fallen from the place of empery :
Changed is that silent land of forest gloom.

Where stood the wilderness, great cities rise ;
The Saxon holds the sombre North in fee ;
And Canada, a nation, glorifies
The mighty Island-Mother oversea.

W. T. Allison

To Maraquita in Mexico.

AT your window, Senorita,
Weeping in your heart's despair,
In the twilight, Maraquita,
With the fire-flies in your hair :
Ah, swept ever eyelids sweeter,
Eyes so fair !

While the jasmines shine and glitter
In the window, iron barred,
Was there ever heart so bitter,
Was there ever love so hard !
Ever softer cheek with fitter
Tears bestarred !

While the coffee-blossoms whiten
In the scented moonlit field,
And the hammered night-stars brighten,
Golden bolts, on Night's black shield,
Shall it be for Love to frighten,
Love to yield !

In your red zerape leaning
From the azotea wall,
Where the orange boughs are screening,
And the orange blossoms fall,
Kiss your fingers for the meaning,
All in all !

E. F. Stafford

Where I Shall Hunt no More.

NOW I know how the woods on the hill are standing,
Bare and black on the first November snow;
With the waves of wind in their sounding branches stranding,
While the ice-edged river frets on the rocky landing,
And the wind may cry and the stream flow on for ever,
Where I no more shall go.

Out from the city's reek and fume and thunder
My heart goes back, O Woods of the North, to you;
To the chill grey days with the gun and the woodland plunder,
The voice of the hounds afar that the shot breaks sharp in
sunder—

Now the hounds run large, but for me no more for ever,
The fox goes safe and the ducks rise full in view.

Not as I knew you in June with shade and singing,
Not thus on your ways the desire of my heart is set,
But bleak and silent save for the bare boughs swinging,
And bound in dreams that the low sky hangs enringing,
That the wind runs through and the grey sun watches ever,
And snow-whirls stir and fret.

The wild ducks splash and whirr from the marshy cover,
Through the frozen thicket the grouse's pinions roar,
The hare slips past, and the hawk swings circling over,
And high in the clouds the great gray eagles hover,
And these my brothers may hunt and roam for ever,
But I hunt there no more!

Frank L. Pollock

